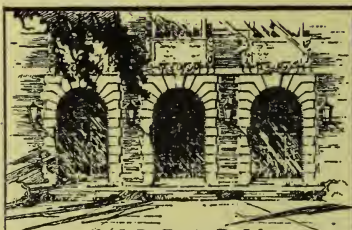


ABE MARTIN'S



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Abe Martin's Almanack



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Abe Martin's

Brown County Almanack

By Kin Hubbard

A Volume of Philosophy, Incidents and
Scenes Direct from the Paw Paw
Belt of Indiana

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ABE MARTIN PUB. CO.
INDIANAPOLIS

One Dollar

PRESS OF
WM. B. BURFORD
INDIANAPOLIS

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1910

To my baby daughter,
Virginia,
who has just found her toes

Thanks are due to
The Indianapolis News for permission to
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in this volume

REARWORD

It seems to me that of all the literary and scientific productions of the times the one that needs a foreword least is an Almanack. An Almanack must stand or fall by its contents, its predictions, its reflections and conclusions concerning the seasonable changes, and no foreword that might be written can gloze over any inadequacies that may appear as the year runs its length.

What an Almanack should have is a Rearword. That is, there should be written each year a Rearword for the Almanack that should be run as the Foreword for the Almanack of the next year, calling attention to the eminent accuracy of all that was presented for the guidance and instruction of the people in the volume for the year just closed, with, perhaps, a

ABE MARTIN'S

few modest words of congratulation to the public that they were let in on so meritorious an enterprise.

This, of course, is an innovation in Almanack-making, but Kin Hubbard is an innovator, and I am certain he will see the value of the suggestion, as will the thousands who are cheered by his philosophy and guided by his meteorology. Thus, proudly taking my position as a literary Columbus, I pronounce this Foreword a Rearword for the 1909 Almanack, which was the best book of its kind I ever saw; and also a prophecy concerning the 1910 Almanack, which I have not seen yet, but which I know will surpass all the previous Almanacks, for I have watched Kin Hubbard's development from sliphorn to science, from parader to philosopher, with pride and enthusiasm—per aspera ad nasturtium, as Miss Fawn Lippincut would say.

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE.

A L M A N A C K

ABE MARTIN'S SAYINGS



Abe Martin
of Brown County, Indiana

*From a Photograph Taken Ninety-three Years
After General Howe and One Hundred and
Fifty-three British Evacuated Boston*

ABE MARTIN'S

Miss Tawney Apple attended th' Thanksgiving' hop at Melodeon Hall, an' says that some girls look good in anything an' some in hardly anything.



Ex-Pres. Roosyfel walked three miles t' church yisterday an' returned on foot.



Ole Ez Pash started t' whitewash his chicken coop Saturday but he didn' have ter-backer enough t' finish it.



Lafe Bud has been refused a pension thro' th' Tell Binkley agency. He wuz in th' Boer war at St. Louis.

A L M A N A C K

Miss Germ Williams wuz t' spend th' day in Morgantown yisterday but she fergot t' have it put in th' paper, so she didn' go.



Alex Tansey returned t'day with a hundred an' twenty pound bride with two hundred dollars in her own name. They'll live at th' New Palace Hut-tel fer awhile till they separate.



It's wonderful what a difference it makes in th' cost o' livin' when th' weather gits so your daughter kin spend th' evenin's on th' veranda.



Lafe Bud is back from his vacation an' has gone t' French Lick fer a rest.

A B E M A R T I N ' S

I'll bet it's purty hard t' associate any sentiment with reg'lar ole fashioned winter weather an' drive a milk wagon.



Pinky Kerr has more hard luck. He's lost seven hats on Bryan, an' Saturday he got word that th' mill he's been workin' in is goin' t' start up.



Young Lafe Bud has a new baby sister t' grow up an' support him.



I guess Constable Newt Plum's little granddaughter up t' Indynoplus is wonderfully smart. She kin name all th' presidents, an' next week they're goin' t' teach her t' shut th' car door.

A L M A N A C K



A noncombatant wuz hit on th' head with a teacup as he wuz passin' th' Moots home this mornin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

Bermudy onions from Texas, Scotch whisky from Terre Haute an' French dry cleaners from Indynoplus.



Miss Tawney Apple will probably not go t' Niagary Falls this summer, as she's havin' a ready-made dress altered.



Tilford Moots' wife gits in a fight with him ever mornin' so he won't come home t' dinner.



Th' trouble with a tellyphone is that th' grocer allus understands you t' say three pounds instead o' one.



Mrs. Lib Pash has asked th' State Board o' Pardons t' let her boy out o' th' Jeffersonville prison. She says he hain't satisfied there.

A L M A N A C K

Miss Tawney Apple says she didn' see no-buddy durin' leap year that she'd have but a young college feller, an' she didn' feel strong enough t' support two.



Miss Fawn Lippincut is practicin' on a eight-egg filbert tart.



Tipton Bud is as slow 'bout payin' his bills as a prominent business man.



You kin bluff some folks by offerin' 'em work.



Ther's a feller in ever community that tries t' look like Buffalo Bill.

ABE MARTIN'S

Mother can't flare up an' leave like a hired girl.



A feller don't stay in th' limelight long these excitable times unless he's a whitewasher.



Young Lafe Bud wuz put out o' th' New Palace Hut-tel yisterday fer garglin' soup.



People who used t' look fer situations now look fer jobs.



You kin git on th' good side o' most any man by tellin' him he don't look a day older.



Whenever you see three farmers standin' t'gether ther talkin' 'bout a ditch.

A L M A N A C K

Lafe Bud says that tippin' is a relic o' barbarism.



Ole Niles Turner smokes th' best se-gars he kin find. Sometimes ther half smoked an' wet, but usually o' fair quality.



Of all th' addin' machines th' pie counter is th' most pop'lar.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law, up at Indynoplus, has adjusted his sewer assessment, an' will be allowed t' keep his home. He talks feelin'ly o' th' lawyers an' friends who have stood by him nobly durin' all th' improvements in his neighborhood, an' 'specially his wife, who he says is th' bravest little woman on earth.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' council met at th' livery stable last night an' decided t' hold a local option 'lection jist t' advertise th' town.



Th' feller that don't advertise may know his business, but nobuddy else does.



People that blurt out "jist what they think" never think o' nothin' pleasant.



Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law wuz operated on fer pendycitis Tuesday, but th' operation wuz not successful, an' he expects t' go t' work agin Monday.



Th' feller that practices on a clarionet has no immediate friends.

A L M A N A C K



Who'd want t' be an aviator an' be down
an' out most o' the time?

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' last place t' look fer fish is at a fishin' resort hut-tel.



Th' only time some fellers er ever seen with ther wives is when they bring 'em down town t' sign some property away.



Ther's so many agents an' grafters travelin' 'bout these days that it's almost impossible t' find th' proprietor in.



Even Colonel Roosyfel is workin' a skin game.



Ther's no greater point o' interest in any community than a reliable citizen.

A L M A N A C K

WINS FAIR BRIDE

Happy Climax of a Romantic Meeting
At Niagara Falls



Mr. and Mrs. J. Dwight Moon

At the ever popular home of Mr. Tilford
Moots and wife and her mother, just east of

ABE MARTIN'S

the stove factory, last evening at 8 p. m., the happy realization of a dream that began at Niagara Falls, a popular Eastern resort, not quite a month ago, was consummated among a bevy of neighbors and real friends and potted flowers. Anna Aroma, only daughter of the Mootses, plighted her troth to J. Dwight Moon. The bride was snappily arrayed in a going-away suit of dull, mottled effect, with a solid vestibule train and no jewelry except a few pins showing. Little Dorothy Bud, attired in spotless plaid, was the ring bearer. The groom looked somewhat shiny but neat and clean in conventional black, and held a large silver, hunting case watch, the gift of the bride's father. He also holds a responsible position in one of the largest concerns in Illinois and comes from an old Sucker State family long prominent in the councils of the nation, his father having hauled the mail from the depot to the postoffice at Paris, Illinois,

A L M A N A C K

during the war. The bride is the niece of Dr. St. Clare, a prominent specialist of the ear, eye and nose somewhere in Iowa, and a first cousin of Mr. Chester White, long a prominent brakeman on the Peoria division of the Big Four. She also has a married aunt in the East. She has a large circle of friends among the younger set and has long been closely identified with the burnt-wood movement. Reverend Wiley Tanger was the officiating clergyman and talked feelingly of the duty of the bride's father to the husband, and how both sunshine and shadow would alternate as they wended their way down life's pathway to the great beyond. Drawing his cleanly shaven face nearer and nearer the bride he kissed her gently as her newly made husband slipped five brand new ones into his hand. The happy couple's departure for their future home in the West at 10 p. m. was attended by all the usual jokes and antics.

ABE MARTIN'S

One Week Later.

Mrs. Tilford Moots has gone to Paris, Illinois, to spend a few months with her daughter, Mrs. J. Dwight Moon, nee Anna Aroma Moots.

Five Months Later.

Mrs. Tilford Moots has returned from Paris, Illinois, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. Dwight Moon, nee Anna Aroma Moots, who will make her home with her parents, as Mr. Moon has accepted a traveling position which will keep him away from home the greater part of the time.



A L M A N A C K

A woman never hesitates to git on a crowded street car—she knows some workin' man'll git up an' give her his seat.



Tipton Bud has sent his wife a souvenir postal card from th' Yellowstone Park, sayin': "I'm standin' right on th' edge o' a precipice lookin' straight down five thousand feet. Wish you wuz here."



Ole Niles Turner wants t' know how you play Sunday ball.



A feller allus looks simple when he meets somebuddy that used t' know his wife.



Ther's lots o' foxier fellers than Joe Cannon, but ther very few.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' feller with a deep, thick voice allus gits th' most attention an' generally knows th' least.



Young Lafe Bud has left his wife t' accept an offer fer an experienced single man with no capital.



Tilford Moots' son what settled in Dakota a year ago has written t' his father fer a home-seekers' ticket.



If ther's anything I feel as sorry fer as a hoss fallin' down it's a man travelin' alone with a baby.



Th' hardest thing t' stop is a temporary chairman.

A L M A N A C K

Mrs. Tilford Moots is scarcely able t' do her housework, an' th' doctor says she'll have t' have her 'phone taken out.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has a new gold tooth an' it shines like a gallus buckle.



Til Moots has put his garden all in, an' says he expects t' raise ever'thing usually seen on a fust-class spring hat.



If ther's one thing more'n 'tother that a relative hates it's a foldin' bed.



A travelin' doctor with short hair caused considerable comment at th' hut-tel t'day.

ABE MARTIN'S

Lafe Bud has won a scholarship in a barbers' college.



Ez Pash says th' thing he can't understand is that neither Cook er Peary er from Ohio.



Miss Tawney Apple missed school Monday. She had t' stay home an' gather up th' Sunday paper.



Th' more important a feller gits around a concern th' easier it seems t' git along while he is on a vacation.



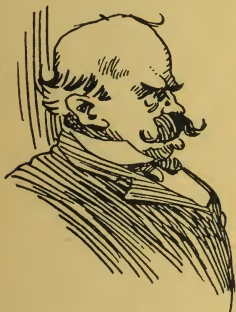
Mrs. Tilford Moots has decided not to visit her mother in Illynoy this fall. She says she'd rather put th' money in rugs.

A L M A N A C K

THE GREAT AUK

By Professor Alex Tansey

Somewhere in the East the slow, tedious process of assembling a Great Auk (also



*A Distinguished German
Authority*

spelled Alk, Awk, Alck and Alka) is in progress. This bird belonged to an antediluvian race of monsters even exceeding in dimensions the famous *Diplodocus Carneglei*, and, while being distinctly Arctic in its proclivities, huge disosaurian de-

posits are not infrequently found in Florida. When entirely erected and completed with all trimmings this fowl will undoubtedly be found to be at least a head taller than the celebrated

ABE MARTIN'S

Gigantosaurus Agustus Africanus, of which we know so little. According to a distinguished German authority the Great Auk



The Great Auk Nearing Completion

abounded in Labrador as late as the Tilden campaign, while a scientist of repute in one of the Eastern States writes that large numbers of the birds were seen as early as the fifth

A L M A N A C K

century on the Funks off the south coast of Newfoundland. In a recently published interview a prominent Southern scientist is



A Prominent Southern Scientist

made to say that a splendid specimen of the Great Auk was seen on the streets of St. Augustine, Florida, in the fall of '73. He is further quoted as saying that it is the only North American bird without wings, and that it defended its young by kicking when overtaken in the chase. He tells also of

the finding of a section of the spine in the eighties, near Alabama, that measured thirty feet in length, and that it soon crumbled when exposed to the warm Southern atmosphere.

ABE MARTIN'S



Don't a feller feel good after he gits out of a store where he nearly bought something?

A L M A N A C K

A box o' vaneered se-gars has reached here,
th' fust o' th' campaign.



It's th' easiest thing in th' world t' be funny
in a parlor.



Miss Tawney Apple's aunt has finally got
enough coffee coupons t' git a clothes wringer,
but it killed her husband.



Mrs. Tilford Moots went t' town this
mornin' determined t' git an egg plant fer a
nickel.



Lib Pash has got three nice chickens out o'
her garden so fer this spring.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' feller that eats hash at th' New Palace Hut-tel don't know what he's missed.



It's seven miles t' Morgantown as th' crow flies er nineteen miles accordin' t' th' leadin' jeweler.



Constable Newt Plum's married dorter hit her finger with a hatchet yisterday an' th' fust thing she yelled wuz "git his number."



It seems like th' folks that go t' work at eight er nine o'clock make all th' money.



You mustn' eat oysters in August 'cause some folks call it Orgust.

A L M A N A C K

Ole Niles Turner has lost his teeth, an' he talks like a gum boot rollin' down stairs.



Miss Mazie Bud, of Stop 15, Sundayed at Stop 16.



Most ever'thing folks talk t' you 'bout these days don't concern nobuddy but 'emselves.



Tipton Bud is one o' them farmers that votes, rain er shine.



Tilford Moots wuz exhibitin' a wooden chain at th' pustoffice yisterday that showed considerable genius. He jist carved it out with a reg'lar penknife Monday mornin' while his wife wuz plowin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

A ragged, broken down feller passed th' pustoffice this mornin' an' Pinky Kerr said: "You wouldn' think from lookin' at him that he played an elegant game o' billiards ten years ago."



Cheer up—ther' hain't no one everbuddy likes.



Hats fer women can't ever be any worse than they are now.



A tent an' awnin' company is makin' a new uniform for Constable Plum.

A L M A N A C K

Mrs. Tipton Bud tripped on a croquet arch yisterday an' broke her nose. Constable Newt Plum says no further gamès kin be played in his jurisdiction 'til all th' brutal features er eliminated.



Th' feller that don't git skinned nowadays is disappointed.



Boys will be boys an' so will lots o' ole men.



Somethin's wrong somewhere when a feller can't save as much as he could when he wuz out o' work.



Lafe Bud had a fine twelve dollar suit ruined up t' Indynoplus yisterday. He wuz tryin' t' cross th' street like he'd allus lived there.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ever father expects his boys t' do all th' things he wouldn' do when he wuz young.



A soft answer is often good fer another month's rent.



Never judge a man by th' cigar that's named fer him.



Th' feller that charges "jist whatever you think's right" allus gits th' best o' it.



Miss Tawney Apple don't know whether t' git a one er two bushel hat.



It often happens that a feller's usefulness ends when his salary is raised.

A L M A N A C K

The Stage



The Last Tie Broken. A Scene from Prof. Alex Tansey's New Drama, "No Chauffer to Guide Her"

Pinky Kerr hain't never been sick a day, an' he's been travelin' with a theatrical company nearly all his life. He says walkin' is the natural exercise.

ABE MARTIN'S

Ther wuz a phonergraph show at Melodeon Hall last night an' th' crowd broke all records.



A nickelodeon pianner player has been known t' go five days without food er water.



It takes eight Sunday papers t' heat Melodeon Hall.



'Bout th' only thing that kin be run on wind is a the-atrical boardin' house.



Th' feller that kin climb up on a Chautauky stage an' face a sea o' shirtwaists an' still hold onto his composure needn' worry 'bout th' Aldrich bill.

A L M A N A C K

It seems like th' folks that owe everybuddy in town never miss a show.



Miss Tawney Apple is sellin' tickets at th' nickel the-ater an' she thinks she's a actress.



Th' comedy troupe that played at Melodeon Hall all last week didn't give away no cut glass pitcher Saturday night as they advertised. Th' manager came out an' said business had been so good he would give a rollickin' farce instead.



Th' lecture on "Altruism" at Melodeon Hall last night didn' materialize, as nobuddy knew what it meant.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' Olympic The-atrical Club played Professor Tansey's new mellerdrammer, "Hair Lip, th' Scout," at th' hall last night. Th' play wuz so good that after Miss Lippincut rendered "Short Sheets Make th' Bed Seem Longer" th' audience got up an' left, refusin' t' take any more fer ther money.



Pinky Kerr says he wuz treated like a dog all th' time he was with Uncle Tom's Cabin.



One peculiarity 'bout th' the-atrical business is that ever'buddy on th' stage thinks ther th' best in th' business.



Th' court house has t' move, as a nickel theater wants th' room.

A L M A N A C K

It's allus a relief t' see a show advertised that you've seen once.



It's purty hard t' face th' music sometimes —'specially in a nickel the-ater.



Th' feller that wouldn't walk across th' street t' see a circus would cut his own hair.



Ike Lark wuz fired out o' th' band fer takin' a ten-bar rest in a overture at Melodeon Hall last night.



Pinky Kerr has been offered a fine seven-thousand-dollar job at Washin'ton, but he says he'd rather stay here an' play in th' band.

ABE MARTIN'S

Last night wuz as blustery an' stormy as if ther wuz a virtuoso concert at Melodeon Hall.



Th' legislature ort t' pass a law makin' it a criminal offense fer th' second fiddler t' wear his hair like th' leader.



Some women take great pride in ther hair an' others never take ther hat off till th' curtain is nearly up.



It's a mighty mean man that tells his little boy that th' pe-rade is all ther is t' a circus.



Pinky Kerr says he has a aunt that never seen a train o' cars, an' Tipton Bud says he's got a uncle that never seen "Way Down East."

A L M A N A C K

New Melodeon Hall

By Miss Germ Williams



The Popular Old Playhouse

During the closed season for theatricals Melodeon Hall has undergone many notable

ABE MARTIN'S

changes. The walls about the ticket office window have been handsomely whitewashed and the railing along the gallery stairway has been neatly sandpapered. It is the intention



*Constable Newt Plum, New Manager of Melo-
deon Hall*

of Constable Newt Plum, who has assumed the management of the popular old playhouse, to make other important changes. If his present plans carry, an effort will be made to oust

A L M A N A C K

Tell Binkley, who occupies a lower floor room just in the rear of the livery stable end. If this can be brought about a dressing room will be added, thus making the theater one of the most comfortable as well as the most modern opera halls west of Lima, Ohio. Manager Plum is also determined to put an end to the old custom, so long popular with the patrons of the theater, of eating sardines during a performance and throwing the empty boxes on the floor and elsewhere.

Building Notes

Mr. Lal Moots, o' Indynoplus, has turned over his new home as part payment o' a sewer assessment an' will return here an' begin life over.

ABE MARTIN'S

After a feller gets through havin' a house built he reads ever'thing he signs.



Tilford Moots' new house is all finished but th' mortgage.

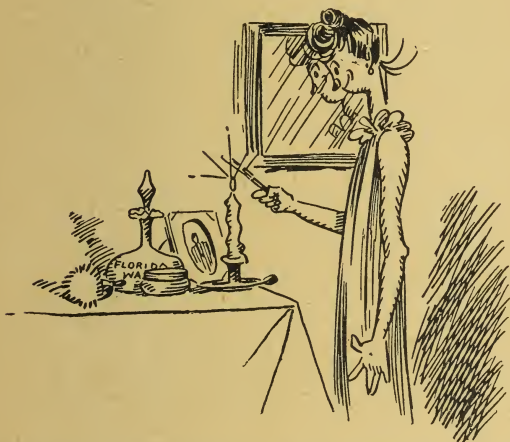


*Tipton Bud and Wife and Son Lionel in the
Early Sixties*

Tipton Bud's brother hung hisself this mornin'. He leaves a wife an' a half finished house.

A L M A N A C K

For Fair Woman's Eye



Chewin' gum loses its strength when left exposed on th' bed post over night.



Lots o' young husbands er glad when th' fust baby comes on account o' th' safety pins.

ABE MARTIN'S

You kin allus tell a novel-readin' mother by th' names of her children.



Any woman looks good in th' ole fashioned sunbonnet—side view.



You kin fool a girl on most ever'thing 'cept what's stylish.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says this is positively th' last time she'll change her waist line.



Miss Tawney Apple says that a liberal quantity o' burnt umber spread freely over th' neck in a true girlish fashion will obliterate th' winter water line.

A L M A N A C K

It wuz too late t' play cards after th' ole fashioned mother got through with th' house-work.



Miss Germ Williams' cousin married th' most pop'lar an' richest feller in Champaign, Illynoy, Saturday, an' she's combed her hair th' same way fer fifteen years.



Th' Shakespeare Club met at Miss Fawn Lippincut's t'day an' discussed hats.



Some girls will tolerate most any kind of a feller rather than give back any jewelry.



A woman don't begin t' look purty till nine o'clock in th' mornin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

What's become o' th' ole fashioned nubia with window curtain tassels hangin' on th' ends that th' girls used t' wear?



Grandmother didn' know nothin' 'bout th' benzoate o' sody. She hid her jelly t' make it keep.



Th' modern girl writes t' a woman's maggyzine instead o' askin' her mother.



Miss Germ Williams says it is not proper fer a young man t' go out between films when he takes his girl t' th' nickel the-ater.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has thrown away her panatella corset. Hip! hip!

A L M A N A C K

A Indian baby never cries, but who would want to be an Indian father?



It is said by one who is in ever' way qualified t' speak on th' subject that th' reason thousands o' girls never git married is that at some time er other they've expressed 'emselves as bein' bitterly opposed t' housework.



What's become o' th' good, ole fashioned girl that used t' say "Excuse onions," instead o' lyin' 'bout bein' at home?



Th' June bride should remember that it's not allus easy t' dress up-t'-date on th' money from her husband's ole clothes.



False teeth er all right in ther place.

ABE MARTIN'S

A flat is one room all cut up.



If your husband don't like t' stay at home mebbe it's 'cause you don't know he chaws ter-backer.



Th' Colonial Whist Club met yisterday an' talked about ever'buddy in town.



Mrs. Tilford Moots' sister passed away yisterday at Roundhead, Ohio. She had long been prominent in all movements fer th' betterment o' women, an' her husband has been missin' fer years.



If ther wuz only three women in th' world they'd all hate housework.

A L M A N A C K

Miss Fawn Lippincut is writin' a recipe on how t' keep from turnin' red at a musical comedy.



Pianner playin' is a fine accomplishment, but th' practicin' ort t' be done in th' woods.



Miss Tawney Apple says if it wuzn't fer startin' ever'buddy t' knockin' she'd announce her engagement.



Babies er great institutions. Most folks wouldn't take a million dollars fer th' fust one er refuse a nickel fer th' second.



Miss Tawney Apple, who is t' be married in September, has asked fer a respite.

ABE MARTIN'S

Nothin' fades like popularity if it's overexposed.



Ther's no substitute fer th' bloom o' youth that you can't tell across th' street.



A slice o' egg plant makes a dandy sink stopper.



I guess it's better in th' long run t' keep your mouth shut, even if you do get th' reputation fer bein' uninterestin'.

A L M A N A C K

Lots o' fellers take ther hat off in a elevator
that think a woman's place is in th' kitchen.



The average girl would look better if she'd
dress her hair accordin' t' her face.



Ever girl has an age when she can't decide
whether t' try t' git married er be a trained
nurse.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says it's perfectly
proper fer a feller t' take his girl's arm while
passin' a engine house.

ABE MARTIN'S



Nothin' a little man says ever sounds probable.

A L M A N A C K

Ther' never wuz a real county fair without an ole lady in a black alpaca dress an' sunbonnet settin' under a tree by th' art hall smokin' terbacker an' pennyroyal mixed.



Miss Tawney Apple, bride t' be, went up t' Indynoplus t'day t' buy her tonneau.



After all, th' only ole, reliable, safe an' sane sport is croquet.



Ther' never kin be any real happiness where ther's bad coffee.



After a feller gits married he goes home at noon fer a couple o' weeks t' kiss his wife an' then he begins t' eat down town.

ABE MARTIN'S

After a feller distinguishes himself these days he starts right in t' make it pay.



Rev. Wiley Tanger has resigned his pasturage, as his wife didn' care fer croquet.



Owin' t' th' hard times th' members o' th' Prosperity Club er wearin' ther uniforms ever' day.



Th' hardest thing 'bout makin' a speech is knowin' what t' do with your hands.



While workin' by th' hour yisterday Sam Hale wuz found dead near th' pump from drinkin' too much water.

A L M A N A C K

Tipton Bud wuz up all night with his baby
walkin' in his bare feet on a crex rug.



Th' feller that argues with himself allus gits
th' best o' it.



Th' fool an' his father's money soon part.



You kin tell how some girls hate work by th'
fellers they marry.



Th' more you read how t' raise chickens th'
fewer eggs you gather.



Some men er not as black as ther painted
an' some women not as pink.

ABE MARTIN'S

Tell Binkley says th' Indynoplus street car conductors er th' most accomodatin' fellers he ever met. When he paid his fare Sunday one o' them told him he wuz sorry he didn' have a Canadian quarter t' give him.



Some fellers git credit fer bein' quiet an' in-offensive when ther really in th' mail order business.



Never take anything t'day you can't put back t'morrow.



You kin fool all th' people all th' time after th' cantaloupe season opens.



When two homely people meet they allus seem glad t' see each other.

A L M A N A C K

Young Lafe Bud is slowly recoverin' from
a rim fire sandwich he et at Helmsburg.



Ther's entirely too many people in this
country lookin' fer light employment.



Ther's lots o' varieties o' Dimmycrats, but
th' stringless er very few.



A grown person allus looks simple ridin'
b'hind a pony.



Dock Mopps visited his boyhood home at
Tulip, Indianny, yisterday, fer th' fust time in
forty years. He found ever'thing jist th' same,
'cept th' whiskers er longer.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' fust thing lots o' folks think of as soon as they git up in th' mornin' is how they kin git ther names in th' paper.



Ole Mat Thomas, who fell thro' th' hay hole at th' livery stable Monday, will never be able t' work agin, so his boys have joined th' reg'lar army.

A L M A N A C K

Uncle Niles Turner



Uncle Niles Turner

By one who was there

On the twenty-third day of last November Uncle Niles Turner celebrated his one hundred and third birthday. His faculties are still unimpaired, and he takes great pride in the fact that he never reported a conductor. He talks interestingly of a very wet spring in the early thirties when every croquet set in the village sprouted.

ABE MARTIN'S

Tea, Coffee, Iced Tea or Milk

A clump of drummers was homeward bound one Friday night in a day coach. After lying for quite a while about their week's business the subject was abruptly changed to dining-room girls. One fellow told of the diffi-



*"Leaning Carelessly on the Back of My Chair
She Said, "Etc."*

A L M A N A C K

culty of getting anything to eat at a hotel where a repertoire company in "standard plays" was stopping, another of the futility of asking for the second egg during the winter months, another of a dining-room girl that used to say, "Floating island or fruit," and when asked what kind of fruit replied, "Apple butter." Finally Lafe Bud kicked the shoe off his left foot and carelessly threw his leg over the arm of his seat and said:

"During the campaign of 1904 I had been traveling for some days organizing Taft clubs." (Here Mr. Bud kicked off his other shoe, and throwing the seat back, rested both feet on the soft, plush top.) "At three o'clock one morning I arrived at a small town on the B. and O. in Indiana. Going to the leading hotel I was admitted to the office and sat down to read last week's paper by a lantern till breakfast time." (Mr. Bud changed his position, and, opening a window, cocked his feet up on the sill, much

ABE MARTIN'S

to the discomfiture of a stylishly dressed lady just behind him.) "I was just dozing off to sleep when the dining-room door swung back with a bang and a frayed-out blonde, with her shoestrings trailing and shooing back the flies with her apron, said, 'Breakfast is ready fer those what want it.' Following her to the transient table near the golden oak sideboard, I was soon seated, and then, guess what she said, leaning carelessly on the back of my chair?"

"What?" came a chorus of salesmen's voices.

"Squirrel er eggs?"

A L M A N A C K

Motoring



A ortomobile salesman could talk about a cow jist as easy.



Tell Binkley charged a quarter's worth o' se-gars this mornin', cranked his bran new tourin' car an' started fer Indynoplus t' have a note renewed.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' Rev. Wiley Tanger says th' road t' th' devil is th' most pop'lar speedway in th' world.



'Bout th' best thing I kin say fer a tourin' car is that th' lines don't git under th' tail.



This mornin' Tell Binkley jumped int' his new three-thousan'-dollar tourin' car, an', after testin' th' carbuter, hurried t' th' poor farm, arrivin' jist ten minutes too late t' see his mother alive.



Tell Binkley says if folks er bound an' determined t' go head o'er heels in debt they might jist as well git good tourin' cars while ther at it.

A L M A N A C K

Tell Binkley wuz up t' Indynoplus t'day an' bought a set o' auto tires an' paid a dollar on his furniture.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has a linen suit but no auto.



With a single bound Tell Binkley jumped int' his three-thousan'-dollar tourin' car this mornin' an' started over th' hills at a merry clip fer Indynoplus t' see th' circus, an' not bein' able t' borrow any money he returned home after th' p'rade



While curryin' his toupee this mornin' Tell Binkley wuz given till Monday t' pay th' remainin' \$2,800 on his tourin' car.

ABE MARTIN'S



Pinky Kerr says he don't believe anybuddy
ever bought a lobster when he wuz sober.

A L M A N A C K

Th' fust purty weather allus brings out a lot
o' dizzy lookin' plug hats.



What's become o' th' ole-time freckled face
village pest that played th' French harp with
his nose?



It haint no trouble fer a feller with a good
reputation an' a wide circle o' friends t' steal
all th' money he wants if he's built that way.



When it comes t' raisin' revenue what's th'
matter with a national lottery? Th' consumer
would at least git a little excitement.



Th' mills o' th' gods er usin' th' same ole
roller process.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' resturint keeper is havin' a hard time these days cuttin' a pie so 't'll pay fer itself.



You can't even be pleasant these days without some one tryin' t' take advantage o' you.



Once in a long time you find enough relatives on speakin' terms t' hold a family reunion.



Hain't it funny what ugly men an' dogs some women kin love.



Young Lafe Bud says that th' thing that impressed him most durin' his trip over Indianny with Senator Beveridge wuz payin' 15 cents fer a plate o' beans at Wabash.

A L M A N A C K

The Home-Coming of Brough McGee

By Miss Germ Williams

It has been many a year since any public event brought to the surface as much lively interest as the home coming exercises at Melodeon Hall last Thursday night in honor of Mr. Brough McGee. Every available inch of space was utilized, and many late comers had to either return home or hang around and play pool at the Little Gem. Professor Clem Harner's silver cornet band played "Home, Sweet Home," and was immediately followed by Mr. Alex Tansey, who delivered the address of welcome without referring to his notes once. It was most brilliant, instructive and eloquent, and to those who know Mr. Tansey only casually it was indeed a great surprise. His

A B E M A R T I N ' S

knowledge of life and conditions on the plains in the early days shows much studiousness. Mr. Tansey spoke in full as follows:

“Ladies, Gentlemen of the Band, and Gentlemen—There has been in my life, though brief as it has been, so to speak, four particularly bright epochs, so to speak, that stand out on memory’s scroll like four great golden teeth in the face of time, as I might say in way of illustration, so to speak. The first was my privilege in introducing William Jennings Bryan to the citizens of Shoals in the late memorable campaign. The second, the distinguished honor of having been chosen to perform the same function an hour later at Bedford to an immense throng. The third was the still further splendid pleasure of introducing the Peerless Nebraskan to a multitude of souls at Bloomington fifty minutes later. Now, my fellow ladies and friends, I have the distinguished honor, so to speak, to introduce to

A L M A N A C K

you one, though distinguished in no lesser degree, though along widely different lines, so to speak, is thereby no less distinguished. (Liberal applause.) Our subject this evening is a man, who, in the prime of young manhood, with a breast fairly bursting with all that is good and manly, struck out westward at a time when men were tried as at no other time in our country's time. (Applause.) A time when the westward traveler, so to speak, encountered in his pathway innumerable dangers without number. Where the unbroken trail to the then great unknown, so to speak, passed through a labyrinth of peril, pathos and pestilence. Danger lurked behind each nodding cacti and scrubby sage brush. Bath tubs, ice, shaving sticks, lawn mowers and other luxuries that are ours today were unknown then. Pushing on, besmeared with the dust of fatigue but ever hopeful, the westward traveler of the early fifties was indeed a man

ABE MARTIN'S

of inscrutable nerve, so to speak. On and on, and on again, he trudged over jagged peaks, through gloomy, echoful canyons, always within hailing distance of hostile savages, though being careful not to hail, through villages of scowling, bewhiskered Mormons—always onward toward the great Golden West, so to speak, over barren wastes of sand and alkali with naught but the heaven's blue canopy for a tarpaulin, so to speak. I tell you, my friends and members of the band, there was the time when men were tried, and the bones of them that were found wanting are bleaching on the desert today. Who was to transform the boundless sandy wastes and marshy plains, the forest fastnesses and mountain regions of the great West, so to speak, to a luxuriant paradise of mineral wealth, yellow fields of grain and a land of homes and fire-sides? Who, I might add, so to speak, was to bring about this great transformation? Oh,

A L M A N A C K

my friends and musicians, our guest of this evening belonged to that little band of fearless men who deserve to rank, so to speak, with the illustrious Plymouth Rocks—I should say Rhode Island Reds—or I mean, of course, Pilgrim Fathers. (Applause lasting some minutes.) So, I say, it is a great honor to stand here tonight before this great audience and splendid band, by universal request, and have the distinguished honor, so to speak, to introduce to you a man who, though ripe in years and whose career is crowned with success, comes back to you the same genial nature's nobleman. My friends and band, I have the distinguished pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Brough McGee, of Apache County, Nevada."

As Mr. Tansey took his seat amid wild cheering, Mr. McGee arose dressed in a tight fitting brown and black suit and spoke in thick, blunt tones in full as follows:

ABE MARTIN'S



Mr. Brough McGee

"I hain't no speech maker. I like to hear 'em, but I don't make 'em. I guess nobuddy

A L M A N A C K

here remembers me. You wuz all little shavers when I went West in the fifties 'bout the time the Haines boys killed their mother. It took a lot o' grit to go West them days. I done pretty well I guess, but I had to have grit. If you hain't got grit in the West they'll eat you up."

At the conclusion of Mr. McGee's address a number of our older citizens hung about him while the crowd was moving out.

ABE MARTIN'S

Wet and Dry Notes



It makes some folks keg-backed t' live in a dry town.



Tell Binkley received a barrel o' sugar t'day containin' one hundred an' twenty pints.

A L M A N A C K

Ole Niles Turner presented a prescription fer a pair o' spectacles Saturday an' th' clerk said, "I'm jist out, but I expect a barrel in t'morrow."



Tilford Moots' nephew, o' Muncie, has got th' rheumatism from holdin' a wet poll book.



A small, inexpensive piece o' ice added t' one cup o' water will make it cool.



Some feller down at Seymour has a set o' bar fixtures an' a alligator vest fer sale.



If women kin stand 'round th' polls all day in Orange county they kin stand up in th' street cars.

ABE MARTIN'S

Th' New Plush Ultra debatin' club tackled
"Which is th' most destructive, fire er water?"
at Melodeon Hall last night, an' th' drys won.



Th' ladies' orangeade society, o' Orange
county, is assistin' at th' polls in Jennings
county t'day.



If it sounds like a tub full o' dishes it's a
bootlegger.



A little liquor in a cellar never hurt nobuddy.



You don't git no bologna with your drink at
a drug store.



When you see three men in a buggy it's a
cinch ther full.

A L M A N A C K



It's purty hard t' watch a three ring circus
in a dry county.

ABE MARTIN'S

While young Lafe Bud wuz returnin' from Indynoplus yisterday a sudden lurch o' th' train caused him t' be thrown violently t' th' ground, but fortunately he escaped with only two broken bottles.



Ther hain't nothin' t' take th' place o' whisky unless it's born in you.



A bootlegger fell off th' court house steps at Franklin yisterday an' it took seven doctors t' pick th' glass out o' him.



Miss Bunnie Jones, o' Martinsville (dry), will visit her aunt in Richmond (wet) this week.

A L M A N A C K

Sawdust Scented, Much Frequent- ed, Circus Tented

Lay—dees and Gent—
men:

While announc—ing
our con—cert a few mo—
ments ago I forgot to
mention the crown—ing
feature, Miss Nina Del—
mato, the most in—trepid,
the most daring of all
aerialists, in her mar—
velous, death de—fying,
perilous descent on a slen—
der cable from the top—

most pinnacle of this vast pavilion by the hair
of her head to the earth below, a dis—tance
of one hun—dred feet! See her! I thank—
you.



ABE MARTIN'S

ECHOES OF THE LATE UN- PLEASANTNESS

Campaign Episodes From Indiana The Political Hotbed of America

By Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart

The most picturesque feature of a presidential campaign in our country today is the Indiana Whirlwind Finish which both great parties participated in at the eleventh hour to warm up the tired farmer and give new life to the old party wheel horses.

The following observations are given just as they appear in my diary, and the illustrations are lifelike and true:

A L M A N A C K

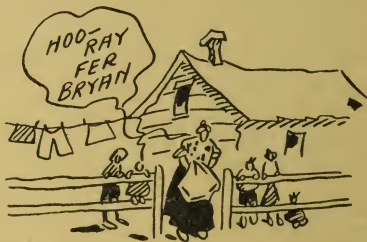


A novel incident marked Mr. Bryan's stop at Noblesville. A babe was passed to the rear platform over the heads of the crowd, and the Unparalleled Commoner, beaming with smiles, kissed the tot and passed it back. The crowd was so large that the little child did not reach its mother on the edge of the throng for fully two hours.

ABE MARTIN'S



Many distinguished looking women crowded the galleries and listened to every word Mr. Taft spoke in regard to law by injunction.



At Bloomfield Mr. Bryan remarked that the intelligence of a family was often in the wife's name.

A L M A N A C K



It remained for Scottsburg to make the finest demonstration of the day in honor of Mr. Taft. Clem Taylor was the grand marshal, and the parade started on the dot.



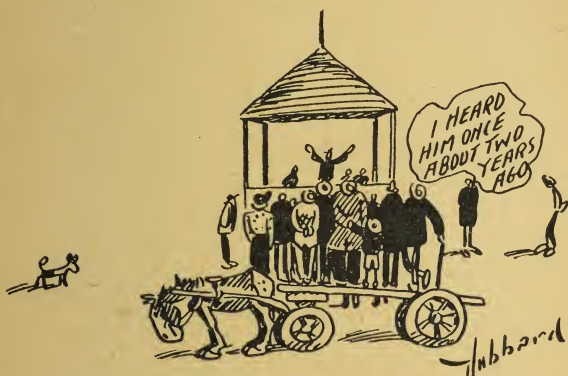
When it was known that John McCutcheon, George Ade and Sam Blythe were on the Beveridge special the town soon filled with strangers, who soon filled up.

ABE MARTIN'S



At Shoals the crowd that greeted Mr. Taft was very complimentary when it is considered that the hazel nut season was at its height. When the band played "On the Wabash" a handsomely dressed young lady from Terre Haute wept freely.

ALMANACK



Mr. Beveridge spoke almost five minutes at Walkerton and confined himself closely to the issues of the day. When the dray load of people drove away loud cheers went up for the fearless young senator.

ABE MARTIN'S



When the farmers in the vicinity of Tulip heard that Wm. Dudley Foulke was liable to be on the Taft special hundreds of them stopped their work in the fields and drove to town to hear the band.

A L M A N A C K



The first voters' club of Rising Sun seemed to affect Mr. Taft deeply, and he spoke to the young members of the boundless opportunities in Panama for strong, able-bodied shovelers.

ABE MARTIN'S



Fully an hour before the Bryan special reached Gosport the lively strains of the cornet band of that city could be heard distinctly across the wild moor.

A L M A N A C K



At Lime Dale the Rusty Hinge Quartet joined the Taft party and charmed the crowds at many stops until Fort Wayne was reached.

ABE MARTIN'S



It soon got noised about that the Senator Beveridge special would stop two minutes at Jasonville and the poolroom was soon deserted and the people generally gave him a rousing welcome.

A L M A N A C K



Even the more modest homes of Crawfordsville were lavishly decorated in honor of the Great Commoner.

ABE MARTIN'S



When Mr. Bryan appeared thousands upon thousands of farmers fought madly to shake hands with the famous Westerner, and every mention of the physical ownership of railroads was cheered lustily.

A L M A N A C K



At Lafayette it was declared by some of the older residents that the Bryan reception was even greater than accorded James G. Blaine in 1884,

ABE MARTIN'S

Constable Newt Plum's son-in-law up at Indynoplus, who had his nose cut off last summer, says that sometimes he's glad o' it as it helps th' street car conductors t' remember that they got his fare.



Ole Niles Turner can't read, an' during' th' Spanish-American War he wuz holdin' a paper upside down an' said, "Hello, here's another battleship blown t' h—l."



Constable Newt Plum accidentally locked his whiskers up in a cash register last night an' it wuz three o'clock before his cries fer help wuz heard.

A L M A N A C K

If ther wuz only three men in th' world two
o' them would be grafters.



A feller kin have a swelled head an' still
wear a number six hat.



Th' handiest girl at a weddin' is th' one that
never had a beau.



It's natural fer ever'buddy t' be dissatisfied
with ther lot—'specially when a sewer hits it.



Lots o' folks git credit fer havin' a strong
will power when ther only pig-headed.

ABE MARTIN'S

Men git ole before they know it, but women don't.



Th' feller that has lots o' friends never knows what kind o' se-gars he's smokin'.



Some folks pay a compliment like they went down in ther pocket fer it.



You never know a feller till you go fishin' with him.



We allus pay four prices fer a good time.



A feller hain't necessarily lucky 'cause he wins a bride.

A L M A N A C K



All things come t' him that waits—if he knows where t' wait.

ABE MARTIN'S

You kin excuse a good many things in a feller that pays his honest debts.



You never hear o' no lost opportunities bein' returned by th' finder.



Nothin'll stop some people but a small admission fee.



Uneasy lies th' head that looks bum in a straw hat.



No matter what a little man wears it makes him look littler.



Never take a rough way t' git even.

A L M A N A C K

Mrs. Tilford Moots' father died yisterday. He wuz 89 years ole an' had only been t' Niagary Falls three times.



Th' only time th' average husband gits anything t' eat is when ther's company in th' house, an' then he has t' eat slow.



President Taft kin take a vacation, but th' plain people have t' stay at home an' read his golf scores.



Constable Newt Plum's married daughter is jist crazy t' move way out where she kin raise chickens an' miss ever'thing.

ABE MARTIN'S

One o' th' worst o' th' fifty-seven varieties o' undesirables is th' feller that asks you a question an' then don't pay no attention t' your answer.



Food fer thought will remain on th' free list.



After eatin' a hearty supper an' chattin' in a unusually optimistic vein on his porch with members of his household, Uncle Ez Pash wuz found an hour later at a Dimmycratic caucus.



Generally speakin', farmers have had a purty prosperous time durin' th' last seven years, but still, after payin' fer new tires an' pianolas, they hain't saved so much after all.

A L M A N A C K

Which would you rather do, somebuddy er go fishin'?



If prosperity will jist return no questions will be asked.



A ball club has t' lose 'bout twenty straight games b'fore th' sportin' editur says, "Well, we can't expect t' win all th' time."



Tilford Moots talks some o' sellin' his farm, as he says it's too confinin'.



A feller don't have over two er three real friends in a lifetime. Once in a while you meet some one that's nice an' clever, but he generally turns out t' be an agent fer some-thin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

You never hear nothin' 'bout "th' money father used t' make."



Dock Marsh an' th' boys er back from a huntin' trip in Arkansas. They killed eight quarts.



Nobuddy kin talk as interestin' as th' feller that's not hampered by facts er infermation.



Speakin' o' th' hereafter, I think a feller gits 'bout ever'thing that's comin' t' him on this earth—unless he's a doctor.



What is worse than havin' some one try t' tell you about a play they saw?

A L M A N A C K

Ther's only 'bout two places left any more where a feller don't get skinned—th' pustoffice an' th' town pump.



A reg'lar sport is a feller that kin beg his cigarettes an' play pool so good it don't cost him nothin'.



Mrs. Tipton Bud says she'd rather play bridge all th' time than do without a hired girl.



Some people worry an' others don't pretend t' pay anything.



Young Lafe Bud has accepted a position with th' Vanderbilts—brakin'.

ABE MARTIN'S

Clothes don't make th' man, but they've helped many an actress.



A friend that hain't in need is a friend indeed.



Opportunity only knocks once—generally before you're married.



Experience is a dear teacher but he delivers th' goods.



Hat store lookin' glasses 'll take th' conceit out o' a feller quicker'n anything else.



Two kin live cheaper than one—but not as long.

A L M A N A C K

Tell Binkley



*Tell Binkley and His
"Pioneer Day" Hat*

There are thousands of Tell Binkleys. Clean cut, affable fellows, considerate, kindly and execution proof; taking large interest in public affairs; selling oil land today and mining stock tomorrow; prominent at all gatherings and foremost in group photographs; the head and spirit of all movements for betterment of town or city; borrowing here and there and paying eventually; drinking or leaving it alone; always sympathetic and kind.

ABE MARTIN'S

Tell Binkley came to Brown County ten years ago and he has been expecting a check from somewhere every day since. For a while he was a trusted employe of the Bean Blossom Trust Company, but his wide circle of friends caused the institution to close its doors, and after a short absence abroad the indictment was quashed and he returned to his old haunts. He is still the same whole souled, polished, kindly gentleman, liberal to a fault and sharing his massive touring car with the highest and humblest citizen alike.

A L M A N A C K

It seems like some folks er fated t' go clean thro' life puttin' up hammocks fer others t' enjoy.



It must be embarrassin' t' be poor an' prominent.



You won't meet any autos in th' straight an' narrow path.



Children soon git ont' th' grocer that breaks a cracker in two t' make th' scales balance.



Some folks patternize a grocery an' others send ther little children with a book.

ABE MARTIN'S

Some fellers er land poor an' others have ther money tied up in dress suits.



Tell Binkley, who has been loafin' 'round here fer years, will address th' workin' men at Melodeon hall t'day on th' "Dignity o' Labor."



I knowed a feller back in '59 that went on one o' them polar expositions. His boat wuz frozen up tight in latitude eighty-three all that blazin' hot summer, an' his wife an' little children wuz at home without a bit o' ice in th' house.



Ole Niles Turner says that th' plain, ever'-day wool an' cotton mixed variety o' consumer hain't hankerin' very much fer another "square deal" administration.

A L M A N A C K

This has been a wonderful record breakin' year, but so fer nobuddy has beat th' booze game.



Professor Alex Tansey, who spent one whole winter in Sandusky, Ohio, an' who is widely conversant in polar travel, repudiates th' Cook an' Peary dashes. He says nobuddy but Eliza Harris could o' made th' remarkable time.



Th' feller with a family t' support don't know whether t' laugh er git mad when he reads President Taft's speeches.



Lafe Bud has resigned his job at th' sawmill 'cause it took up too much o' his time.

ABE MARTIN'S

Pinky Kerr wuz up t' Indynoplus yisterday an' stopped at a reg'lar hut-tel almost two hours from tip t' tip.



Onions eaten raw will destroy th' odor o' a hot lead pencil eraser.



Lafe Bud is gittin' t' look like th' feller that reforms in th' third act.



Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart says he got bounced off a newspaper once fer gittin' scooped on-a lingerin' death.



Th' survivors o' a \$7 Niagary Falls Excursion will hold a reunion in th' Moots grove Saturday.

A L M A N A C K

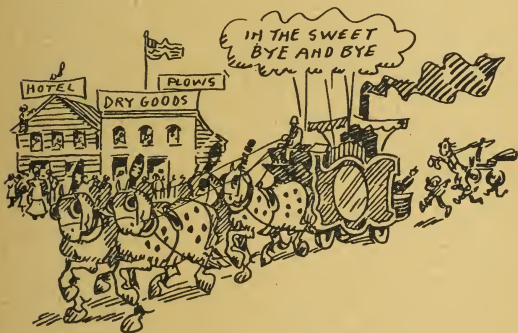
Some of our brightest politicians say anomi-
nated fer nominated.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has written a purty
little song called "Take Back Your Heart, I
Ordered Walrus."



People that can't sing never refuse.



The End

Other Abe Martin Books

Abe Martin's Sayings (1907), \$1.00.

Abe Martin's Almanack (1908), \$1.00.

The W. K. Stewart Co., Indianapolis.

Abe Martin's Almanack (1909), \$1.00.

Abe Martin Pub. Co., Indianapolis.

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